

THE ARGUS.

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Wednesday, November 12, 1913.

ONE WAY TO CLEAN THE CITY.

When the human maggots that infest the city and make profitable the police courts ate of each other it seemed not to alarm the citizenship. They were supposedly within a properly stockaded portion of the city and Mexican might devour negro and negro devour white and still the good citizen rest undisturbed in his sleep. That these low dives so minutely located harbored the last remnants of womankind and primeval fights of conquest took place nightly. Mr. Good Citizen concerned himself not at all. The Sodom and Gomorrah wouldn't, couldn't spread onto his confines.

But—the human garbage district didn't stay put and little by little the seepage and bits of offal flowed nearer to Good Citizen until he awoke one morning to find his respected brother murdered at his own door step. His neighbors held up and robbed, the son of his household in the clutch of the gambler or in some unspeakable den of vice. And yet further, when his country cousin came to town to invest in business he was met promptly by burly negroes or "rolled" by confidence men and relieved of \$5,000.

Such is the up-to-the-minute history—gambling rampant, holdups frequent, burglaries common and murder too common. Upon whom shall rest the correction for such a state of affairs, and upon whom should devolve the reparation of conditions? Frankly it has its Alpha and Omega in Mr. Representative Citizen and associated citizens, who have gained their prosperity and homes in this community, for which participation in the good things of Rock Island the toll should be honest supervision of the best interests of the city.

Here are located men of affairs big in their respective capacities: heads of colleges, schools, men in the professions, medical, legal, banking, who are eminently capable of coping with lawlessness. It is for such a body of men, casting aside sectionalism and other considerations, to combine and cooperate en masse for a cleaning.

If any members of the city commission are misguided and ineffective in the administration of public affairs it is up to a combined cooperative citizenship to make known its needs and demand fulfillment, to expect of the commission a wise counseling at once to the rehabilitation of the city, making of it a safe abiding place for men, women and children.

But how will you proceed with this cooperative effort in the accomplishment of results, asks Mr. Common Citizen? In what manner and with what assurances of success may the people of Rock Island move toward the end so much desired?

The answer is simple. Let the officers of the municipal commission who are responsible for existing conditions hear your protest, not in wordy resolutions, not in feeble expressions, not in hypocritical declamation, not in sign language, but in the volume of human sound.

Are there in Rock Island 100 citizens—are there 50 citizens—who will go to the city hall in a body at a given time and in the presence of the mayor and the commissioner of police register, not merely a complaint, not a meaningless warning, but a demand for a clean up, and a permanent clean up within 24 hours?

This body of citizenship, representative of every walk of life, must be enlisted before it starts on its mission. There must be no cowards or backsliders in the crowd. There must be no temporizing, no listening to excuses, no argument. There need be no if or ands, and no asking of whys or wherefores. The commissioner interviewed can be spared that painful ordeal. The thing to do is to make the demand and see that it is respected—clean the city and drive out the undesirable of every race and condition—and keep them out.

Are there any considerable number of the citizens of Rock Island who are ready to go to the front on such a mission?

MODERNIZING ENGLISH STUDY.

The teaching of English in the high school needs thorough reorganization to bring it into touch with modern social and industrial demands is frankly stated by Professor James F. Hsieh, of Chicago Teachers' college, in a report just published by the United States bureau of education. The report contains preliminary suggestions

for a course in English that will meet present-day requirements.

In this course English composition will be limited to subjects for speaking and writing which can be made to appeal to young people, according to Dr. Hsieh. "In both composition and literature there will be a shift of emphasis towards those subjects and activities that are of greatest value in actual life—for example, oral expression—and towards modern books and periodicals. It is not to be inferred, however, that the supreme values inherent in the world's literary masterpieces will be overlooked."

A fairly heavy task in character-training as well as in the mechanics of English is put upon the teacher by the makers of the new course. "Broadly speaking," says the report, "it should be the purpose of every English teacher first to quicken the spirit and kindle the mind and imagination of his pupils, and to develop habits of weighing and judging human conduct with the hope of leading them to higher living; second, to supply the pupils with an effective tool for use in their future private and public life—i. e., the best command of language which, under the circumstances, can be given them."

The report then gives an outline of the proposed English instruction from the seventh grade through the high school.

This revision of the high school course in English is part of a complete reorganization of secondary education planned by a committee of the National Education association. Preliminary statements for the different subjects have just been issued by the United States bureau of education.

SECOND CLASS CABINS.

Four well known Atlantic liners, the St. Louis, the St. Paul, the New York and the Philadelphia, are to be turned into second class cabin boats. This means that there will be no first cabin any longer on these boats, but that for a second cabin fare a passenger can have accommodations which formerly cost a first cabin fare. There will be on these boats only two cabins, second cabin and steerage, a return to the division on the original Atlantic liner.

The reason given for this change is that many high class Americans of moderate means, desiring to go to Europe, do not like to travel on a boat second cabin, divided off by railing from the first cabin. An Englishman would not care. An Englishman is not ambitious to be included in a class, whether it be on money or on family, to which he does not belong. An Englishman is sure of his own position, whatever it happens to be, and does not compromise it by any economy. As applied to boats, this is a most sensible view. A second class passenger is just as comfortable as the first class passenger, except that the second class passenger does not have as much deck space to walk on, and that his room is usually over the screw and hence noisier.

But Americans are different. Hence it is believed that abandonment of the first cabin will attract to the above liners a big business; that of people who cannot afford to travel first cabin on the newest and finest boats. The result will be watched with great interest.

Incidentally, as boats get old, they fail to attract paying first cabin passengers. The St. Louis, for example, its manager says, sailed from New York recently with only six first cabin passengers. Maintaining a first cabin equipment under these circumstances is pretty expensive.

WHERE IT IS WORKING FINE.

In his address on commission government at the Kansas City Y. M. C. A., Richard J. Higgins declared that commission government has made a saving of \$100,000 for Kansas City, Kan., and yet had increased the efficiency of the public service.

But that is not the biggest thing the new rule has done for Kansas City, Kan., as Mr. Higgins said. The big thing the new rule has accomplished for Kansas City, Kan., is in creating an interest in municipal government on the part of the people who are affected by the government. Commission government places responsibility for the condition of civic affairs upon the people, and when that responsibility is thrust upon the people they assume it and take pride in big achievements. Under the old ward rule Kansas City, Kan., was controlled by the politicians, and the people took no interest in the government. A distinctive feature of the new rule is that the politicians have little influence in civic affairs.

That's the reason Kansas City, Kan., could not be induced to go back to the old ward rule.

Advices from London say that the British government is much annoyed over reports that British money is upholding Huerta as the Mexican dictator. The government is probably sore because it leaked out. As a matter of fact, if certain interests in London and New York were not financing Huerta for the attainment of selfish business ends, he would not last a week. Deprived of pulque, peppers and cigars, the federal army would insure at once.

Don't lose any sleep over Huerta. In a split of all this big talk from his camp, he may be getting ready to slip away from the country any night. It is a way they have in Mexico.

The man who thinks November is always a bleak and unpleasant month is probably bleak and unpleasant himself.

Connecticut is in doubt about hanging a woman. Better settle it by giving the woman the benefit of the doubt.

Huerta evidently will have to be shaken loose.

THE WILSON DOCTRINE

(New York World.) Perhaps it will not be necessary for President Wilson to issue the promised formal statement describing the attitude of his administration toward Latin-America. On the 11th of March he said:

"We can have no sympathy with those who seek to seize the power of government to advance their own personal interests and ambition. We are the friends of peace, but we know that there can be no lasting or stable peace in such circumstances."

At Swatmore, Pa., speaking of the conquest of America for freedom and self-government, he said:

"I would like to believe that all this hemisphere is devoted to the same sacred purpose, and that nowhere can any government endure which is stained by blood or supported by anything

but the consent of the governed." In an address before the Southern Commercial congress at Mobile after repeating in substance the sentiments above expressed, he said of European interests in America:

"You hear of concessions to foreign capital in Latin-America, but you do not hear of concessions to foreign capital in the United States." States that are obliged to grant concessions are in the condition that foreign interests are apt to dominate their domestic affairs. It is emancipation from this inevitable subordination which we deem it our duty to assist."

This is not the Monroe doctrine. It is the Wilson doctrine. It embodies an ideal upon which all Americans will agree. It was upon a commercialism which may be challenged at home as well as abroad.

PLANS TO ARM 500,000 MEN

(Washington Post.) Colonel John T. Thompson of the ordnance department, doubtless has been taken back by the avidity of the publicity boosters in taking too much for granted as regards the plans he has worked out for the mobilization and equipment of an army of 500,000 men at a moment's notice in the event of war on a large scale.

It is a heartening thought that an army officer of high attainments should consider it practicable, under existing conditions, to put our military system in a state of preparedness that would make a force of half a million men ready for service at the front immediately upon the president's call to arms, but it is a mistake to conceive the idea that the plans have been advanced beyond the theoretical stage, as would appear from the headlines and context of articles in the press. It is not probable that the government has an ample supply of any of the units of war material requisite for the fitting out of so large an army on the moment.

The plans are yet to be authorized and the machinery made and assembled, a formidable undertaking when it is considered that, as now provided for, it is barely possible to throw a corps of 20,000 men to any of our borders. The best informed officers in

the army were surprised at the length of time occupied in getting the regular commands into camp at Texas points when the Mexican trouble became acute. Had everything been studied out and the details mastered by department and army heads, as contemplated by Col. Thompson's system, the results no doubt would have been infinitely more satisfying.

The new scheme of accelerating the forward movement of militia and volunteers by making it possible to arm and equip them at concentration camps instead of at state armories or still less desirable makeshifts, probably was suggested by our sad experience at the time of the Cuban war, when typhoid fever and other preventable ailments got a grip on the boys before they could be mustered into the regular service. The statement that the general staff thinks so highly of the new plan that it has directed other departments, such as the engineers, quartermaster corps, medical department, and signal corps to prepare similar systems, shows that the adoption of the Thompson plan alone would fall short of accomplishing the thing aimed at. All departments of the service must be put on the same high plane of preparation before the necessary readiness for cooperation can be attained.

JUST ACHING TO FIGHT

(St. Louis Republic.)

"Do you think we'll have war with Mexico?" The question was asked hopefully, eagerly. The questioner, you see, is 12 years old. Millions of others like him, aged anywhere from 12 to 25, read the headlines yesterday morning compressing President Wilson's ultimatum to Huerta and asked the same question in just the same way. To them the "cost in blood and treasure" is merely a phrase. To them war means music and marching, sleeping under tents and action. There may be little of patriotism in their viewpoint—as least of patriotism as maturer years conceive it. It is the sport of the thing, the trappings, the danger, the chance to be heroes that appeal to their imagination. It is youth dreaming the dreams that youth will always dream.

Now we who have come well into the zone of caution have learned to appreciate comfort and can pause to count the cost—we can listen with attentive, approving ear to peace propaganda. And when a man is as old as Mr. Carnegie, for example, he doubtless has little trouble in believing in the practicability of universal peace. But for every old man who actually believes that the day of universal peace is coming, and for every middle-

aged man to whom war is physically distasteful and economically repugnant, there are a dozen youngsters fairly yearning for a chance to shoulder a musket. It was so in the beginning, and, probably, it ever shall be. The country whose young men are not, by instinct, fighting men is a country doomed.

Of course, in our superior wisdom we know that war is a terrible thing, brutal and barbarous and wholly unnecessary. But the generation in its teens or early twenties does not know it. It never will know it. Why? Because the most ardent advocate of peace takes a fine delight in the fighting spirit manifested by the youngster at his own table. The philosopher before the world is a man at home, if the place where he lives is a home.

So, as long as there are legions just waiting for a chance to enlist, there will always be the possibility of war. The intervals of peace may lengthen; new attitudes toward conquest may be developed; a broader and more real brotherhood be attained. But don't put the last sword in its scabbard until the boy who wants to be a soldier has disappeared from the face of the earth. There will be no war then, because there will be nothing worth fighting about.

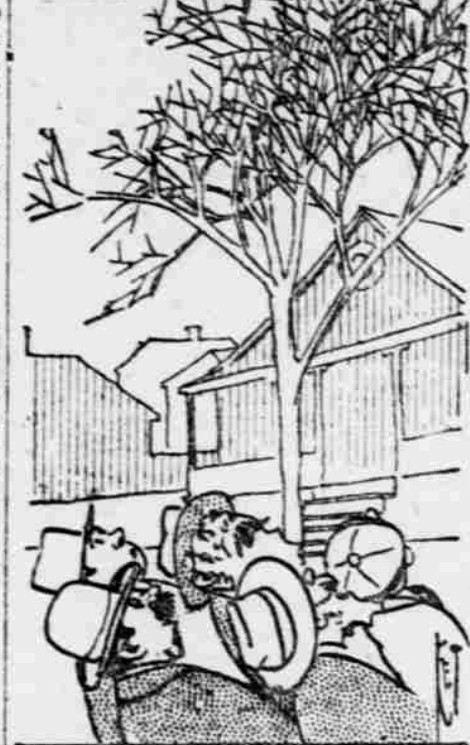
"The Young Lady Across the Way"



The young lady across the way says she doesn't wonder that May wheat costs so much when of course not very much of the crop can be ripe so early in the season.

The ONLOOKER

HENRY HOWLAND



Beside his fragile aeroplane
The aviator stands
His clothes bear many a greasy stain,
Likewise his face and hands;
He hears the people cheering him,
Wherefore his chest expands.

He takes his place upon the seat,
And orders "Let her go!"
With each foot braced against a cleat
He leaves the earth below,
And for a while the people watch
Him darting to and fro.

He proudly circles in the air
With growing confidence
And gets to cutting dices there,
Thus showing lack of sense.
His engine bucks, and lo, he lands
Upon a picket fence.

Creaking, crunching and fluttering
The wreck becomes complete;
They pull him from beneath the thing
And set him on his feet;
His teeth are gone and liquid food
Is all that he can eat.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson taught this day:
He that would reach a worthy end
Should kneel each night and pray
For strength, when things are going right,
To keep from getting gay.

Her Confidence.
"I was awfully shocked today," she said. "I heard something terrible about Mrs. Wimperleigh. Really, I can't believe it is true. I am sure there must be a mistake somewhere or else somebody has deliberately made it up. Nobody can possibly make me believe she is that kind of a person."

"I don't know," replied her husband, "what you may have heard, but if you believe in her, why don't you go to her and tell her the story so that she may set herself right in case she has been slandered?"

"What! John Poodjeson, do you think I would let myself be seen going to that woman's house? I shall cut her dead the next time I meet her."

NO HOPE FOR HIM.
"There's no use," he sadly said. "I'm a dead failure in life."

"Don't give up. You have tried many things, but the trouble is that you simply haven't struck the thing for which you are fitted."

"There's nothing for which I'm fitted. I'm a failure, I tell you. I don't believe I could get rich even if I started a chicken farm."

Busy.
"Pa, who were Damon and Pythias?"
"I've kind of forgotten now whether they were a champion bowling team or whether they were a battery some club got from the Texas league. I wish you wouldn't bother me. Can't you see that I'm busy reading about what's goin' on in Wall street?"

Very Similar.
"Hazzard, the banker, reminds me very strongly of Charles Reade."
"How do you figure out a resemblance?"
"A large measure of his success has been due to 'Other People's Money.'"

Pride.
"Why is she so stuck up? As far as I have been able to find out her family isn't anything great."
"Oh, no. It isn't on account of her family. Two young men had a terrible fight over her a couple of months ago."

As True as Ever.
In spite of what the skeptics say
The ancient adage holds good still;
Where there's a will there's a way.
That is, if it's a woman's will.

An Exception.
"All the world loves a lover, you know."
"Not when he's loving the girl who threw you over for him."

"So you think that Mrs. Jinks is a failure as a hostess?"
"Yes. She couldn't even entertain a hope properly."—Buffalo Express.

If you will not bear reason she will surely rap your knuckles.—Benjamin Franklin.

The Daily Story

AN ACT OF KINDNESS—BY ALAN C. TROWBRIDGE.

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Being in for a siege of typhoid fever, I was taken to a hospital, thinking that I would receive better care there than anywhere else. Indeed, it was necessary in my case, for I was boarding at the time and had no home to go to. For several weeks I was too ill to realize much and after that convalesced very slowly. My nurse was an unattractive person, who did not seem to me to be fitted for her calling. She was snappish, tyrannical and devoid of that sympathy that a nurse should show for her charge.

How I wished that I had a mother or sister to come in and see me once in awhile, to take my hand in hers, smooth my hair and look down with kindly eyes into mine! But my mother had been dead several years and my only sister had a family of her own in a distant city to look after and could not come to me. Not having either of these comforts, my next wish was that my nurse would keep away from me.

When I became well enough to read I was given newspapers and periodicals. I knew where they came from, for I had seen the boxes at railway terminals with a notice painted on them, "Please deposit newspapers here for patients in the hospitals." Many a bit of reading matter had I thrown into with these boxes after being done with it, but too much occupied with my own affairs to think about the possible comfort it might give to some discouraged invalid.

One morning I was given a newspaper to read, and on the margin of the first page was written in pencil, the handwriting being feminine, the following:

My Dear Invalid—How I pity you confined in a hospital this bright morning when I am so well and so contented! It seems that I must go and spend a part of the day taking your burden and giving you my comfort. Keep up a good heart. The writer had signed her initials and written something below it, which she had marked out, evidently on second thought, by running her pencil over it.

I strained my eyes trying without success to read the postscript through the lines that had been drawn over it.



I defy any young man to go dawdling about with a young girl, attractive or otherwise, especially in the land so suggestive of dreams, of romance, so full of the fine arts as Italy, without falling in love with her. And what is true of the man is liable to be true of the girl. One evening Edith and I were sauntering on what they call in Florence the Lung Arno, which in England they would dub the Arno embankment. The river is crossed by several bridges, and the streets on either side of these bridges are at night lighted by numerous lamps. There is no more beautiful city scene in the world than the Lung Arno at twilight, when these lamps divide the day and the night.

At this witching hour, leaning over one of the bridges beholding this entrancing scene, I took out the scrap torn from the newspaper, on which was written the message that had so comforted me while in the hospital, and handed it to the girl who had written it. There was a puzzled look on her face. She saw a message written in her own handwriting. Whether or no she remembered having written it, my production of it far from where it had been scribbled was too confusing for her to understand.

I enlightened her. I pictured myself lying ill in a hospital when the paper she had donated was handed to me; its effect; my efforts to read what had been erased, and my final success. Then, inspired by the scene about us, I told her that I had followed across an ocean and would follow around the world the girl who had by that one little act of sympathy for one who to her was but a creature of the imagination without sex, form or individuality of any kind.

There are few girls who could resist such an offering. Edith was of an impressionable nature and was made deeply sensible of the power of kindness by her one kindly act, an act partaking of the divine work commemorated in the galleries on either hand.

More than this, that scrap of paper, or, rather, what is represented, has influenced our lives since. We have given one-tenth, and often more, of our time and one-tenth of our income to those who are in need of aid and comfort. And our deeds of charity shall go on down through the ages.

was rather pretty and a few that she was beautiful. I learned afterward that these persons saw her through eyes that interpreted her differently.

Not getting strength as rapidly as I could have wished, I determined not to go back to business for awhile, but take a trip abroad. At least this is what I tried to persuade myself was the object of my going. My doctor helped me in the matter, for, having discovered that I was bent on going, he gave me many good reasons why I should do that very thing. He advised me to go to a bracing northern climate, but I did no such thing. Having learned that the Carleton family were in Italy, I determined to go there. I could not discover what part of Italy they were in, but I had been there before and knew that I should find them in one of three or four of the large cities.

I hunted through all the registers of Americans at Naples and Rome without finding them, but was rewarded by seeing their names in the register of a hotel in Florence. I immediately engaged a room at the same house and felt that the goal, so far as reaching the girl I had come to seek, was won. But a sort of stage fright took possession of me. I had traveled several thousand miles to find a girl I had never seen, and when I should see her I might find her altogether unattractive in my eyes.

It was not long before at the table d'hôte near where I sat I noticed a family, a father, mother, daughter and son, the latter two in their teens, and heard the elders addressed as Carleton. I had looked at the daughter without any special admiration for her comeliness, but the moment I knew her for the object of my dreams I thought I could see a kindness in her face. At any rate, my attention being fixed upon her countenance, I noticed that it was very expressive.

Americans abroad are unlike Americans at home. They are rare Americans of the early part of the last century, when they traveled in stagecoaches, canalboats and the like. They don't trouble themselves much at introductions. I soon felt to chatting with the family sitting opposite me at table and in a few days found myself as well acquainted as if I had known them for years. I, being a young man, fell in naturally with the daughter, whom I very soon after meeting them heard called Edith. She was fond of pictures and spent most of her time in the galleries; consequently I became fond of pictures too. We would start in the Uffizi gallery, cross the Arno by the picture hung passageway to the Pitti gallery and after wandering through the rooms of the latter recess to the Uffizi. And all this time I kept my secret, the evidence of which remained carefully folded in my pocketbook.

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Nov. 12 in American History.

1865—Preston King, statesman, drowned in Hudson river; born 1806.
1906—Major General William Rufus Shafter, U. S. A., retired, commander of the expedition which captured Santiago, died; born 1835.
1911—John L. Carncross, noted old time negro minstrel, died in Philadelphia; born 1834.

Aerial Note.
The Cynic—if he fails, my dear, you're not to scream or faint, because it's just what we all came to see. The Lady—But I thought he was going to take up a passenger.—Life.